VENVS
AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flauus Apollo
Pocula Caſtalia plena miniſtret aqua.

BIBLIOTECA

Imprinted at London by R. F. for
Iohn Hariſon.
1596.

My Lo:

I have found your Lo: alredy so favorable & affectionate unto mee that I shall bee still hereafter desierus to acquaint you w^t what concerns me & bould to aske your advice & counsell.

your Lo: most assured frend to doe you service H Southampton

To the right honorable my very good Lo: the Lo: Keeper of the great Seale of England

---

I have sent you herewith a petition delivered unto mee in the behalf of cer=cayne poore men dwellinge att Gosport who have been hardly used by winter

I rest

your assured frend
H Southampton

the 27 of Feb

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLIE, EARLE of Southampton, and Baron of Titchfield

Right Honorable, I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my vnpolisht lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure mee for chusing so strong a proppe to support so weake a burthen, onely if your Honor seeme but pleased, I account my selfe highly praised, and vow to take aduantage of all idle houres, till I haue honoured you with some grauer labour. But if the first heire of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sory it had so noble a god-father: and

mner after eare ſo barren a land, for feare it yield me ſtill ſo bad a harueſt, I leaue it to your Honourable ſuruey, and your Honour to your hearts content, which I wiſh may alwayes anſwer your owne wiſh, and the worlds hopefull expectation.

Your Honors in all dutie,

William Shakeſpeare.

VE-

VENVS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the ſunne with purple-colourd face,
Had tane his laſt leaue of the weeping morne,
Roſe-cheekt *Adonis* hied him to the chace:
Hunting he lou'd, but loue he laught to ſcorne,
Sick-thoughted *Venus* makes amaine vnto him,
And like a bold fac't ſuter ginnes to woo him.

Thriſe fairer then my ſelfe, (thus ſhe began)
The fields chiefe flower, ſweete aboue compare,
Staine to all Nimphs, more louely then a man,
More white, and red, then doues, or roſes are:
Nature that made thee with her ſelfe at ſtrife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchſafe thou wonder to alight thy ſteed,
And raine his proud head to the ſaddle bow:
If thou wilt daine this fauour, for thy meed
A thouſand honie ſecrets ſhalt thou know:
Here come and ſit, where neuer ſerpent hiſſes,
And being ſet, Ile ſmother thee with kiſſes.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loth'd ſacietie,
But rather famiſh them amid their plentie,
Making them red,and pale,with freſh varietie:
Ten kiſſes ſhort as one, one long as twentie:
A ſommers day will ſeeme an houre but ſhort,
Being waſted in ſuch time-beguiling ſport.

With this ſhe ceazeth on his ſweating palme,
The preſident of pith, and liuelyhood,
And trembling in her paſſion,calles it balme,
Earths ſoueraigne ſalue,to do a goddeſſe good:
Being ſo enrag'd, deſire doth lend her force,
Couragiouſly to plucke him from his horſe.

Ouer one arme the luſtie courſers raine,
Vnder her other was the tender boy,
Who blusht,and powted in a dull diſdaine,
With leaden appetite, vnapt to toy,
She red and hot,as coles of glowing fire,
He red for ſhame,but froſtie in deſire.

The ſtudded bridle on a ragged bough,
Nimbly ſhe faſtens,(ô how quicke is loue!)
The ſteed is ſtalled vp, and euen now,
To tie the rider ſhe begins to proue:
Backward ſhe puſht him,as ſhe would be thruſt,
And gouernd him in ſtrength,though not in luſt.

So

So ſoone was ſhe along, as he was downe,
Each leaning on their elbowes and their hips:
Now doth ſhe ſtroke his cheek,now doth he frown,
And gins to chide, but ſoone ſhe ſtops his lips,
And kiſſing ſpeaks,with luſtful language broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips ſhall neuer open.

He burnes with baſhfull ſhame,ſhe with her teares
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes,
Then with her windie ſighes,and golden heares,
To fan, and blow them drie againe ſhe ſeekes.
He ſaith, ſhe is immodeſt, blames her miſſe,
What followes more,ſhe murthers with a kiſſe

Euen as an emptie Eagle ſharpe by faſt,
Tires with her beake on feather, fleſh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, deuouring all in haſt,
Till either gorge be ſtuft,or prey be gone:
Euen ſo ſhe kiſt his brow,his cheeke,his chin,
And where ſhe ends, ſhe doth anew begin.

Forſt to content, but neuer to obay,
Panting he lyes, and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the ſteame,as on a pray,
And calls it heauenly moiſture, aire of grace,
Wiſhing her cheeks were gardens ful of flowers,
So they were dew'd with ſuch diſtilling ſhowers.

Looke how a bird lyes tangled in a net,
So fastned in her armes *Adonis* lyes,
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beautie in his angrie eyes:
Raine added to a riuer that is ranke,
Perforce will force it ouerflow the banke.

Still she intreats, and prettily intreats,
For to a prettie eare she tunes her tale.
Still is he sullen, still he lowres and frets,
Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashie pale;
Being red she loues him best, and being white,
Her best is bettred with a more delight.

Looke how he can, she cannot chuse but loue,
And by her faire immortall hand she sweares,
From his soft bosome neuer to remoue,
Till he take truce with her contending teares,
Which long haue raind, making her cheeks all wet,
And one sweet kisse shall pay this comptles debt.

Vpon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a diuedapper peering through a waue,
Who being looke on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to giue what she did craue,
But when her lips were readie for his pay,
He winks, and turnes his lips another way.

Neuer did paſſenger in ſommers heat,
More thirſt for drinke, then ſhe for this good turne:
Her helpe ſhe ſees, but helpe ſhe cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet her fire muſt burne:
O pittie gan ſhe crie, flint-hearted boy,
Tis but a kiſſe I beg, why art thou coy?

I haue bene woo'd as I intreat thee now,
Euen by the ſterne, and direfull God of warre,
Whoſe ſinowie necke in battell nere did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in euery iarre,
Yet hath he bene my captiue and my ſlaue,
And begd for that which thou vnaskt ſhalt haue.

Ouer my Altars hath he hung his launce,
His batterd ſhield, his vncontrolled creſt,
And for my ſake, hath learnd to ſport and daunce,
To coy, to wanton, dally, ſmile and ieſt,
Scorning his churliſh drumme, and enſigne red,
Making my armes his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that ouer-rulde, I ouer-ſwayed,
Leading him priſoner in a red roſe chaine,
Strong tempered ſteele his ſtrōger ſtrength obeied,
Yet was he ſeruile to my coy diſdaine,
Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For maiſtring her that foyld the God of fight.

Touch but my lips with thoſe faire lips of thine,
Though mine be not ſo faire, yet are they red,
The kiſſe ſhalbe thine owne as well as mine,
What ſeeſt thou in the ground? hold vp thy head,
Looke in mine eye-bals, there thy beauty lyes,
Then why not lips on lips, ſince eyes in eyes?

Art thou aſham'd to kiſſe? then winke againe,
And I will winke, ſo ſhall the day ſeeme night,
Loue keeps his reuels where there be but twaine:
Be bold to play, our ſport is not in ſight,
Theſe blew-veind violets whereon we leane,
Neuer can blab, nor know not what we meane.

The tender ſpring, vpon thy tempting lip,
Shewes thee vnripe, yet maiſt thou well be taſted,
Make vſe of time, let not aduantage ſlip,
Beautie within it ſelfe ſhould not be waſted:
Faire flowers that are not gathred in their prime,
Rot, and conſume themſelues in little time.

Were I hard-fauoured, foule, or wrinckled old,
Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churliſh, harſh in voice,
Ore-worne, deſpiſed, reumatique, and cold,
Thick-ſighted, barren, leane, and lacking iuyce;
Thé mightſt thou pauſe, for thé I were not for thee,
But hauing no defects, why doeſt abhor me?

Thou

Thou canſt not ſee one wrinckle in my brow,
Mine eyes are grey and bright,& quick in turning:
My beautie as the ſpring doth yearely grow,
My fleſh is ſoft,and plumpe,my marrow burning,
My ſmooth moiſt hand,were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palme diſſolue,or ſeeme to melt.

Bid me diſcourſe, I will inchaunt thine eare,
Or like a Fairie, trip vpon the greene,
Or like a Nimph,with long diſheueled heare
Daunce on the ſands, and yet no footing ſeene.
Loue is a ſpirit all compact of fire,
Not groſſe to ſinke, but light, and will aſpire.

Witneſſe this primroſe banke whereon I lie,
Theſe forceles flouers like ſturdy trees ſupport me:
Two ſtrẽgthles doues will draw me through the sky
From morne til night,euen where I liſt to ſport me.
Is loue ſo light ſweet boy, and may it be,
That thou ſhouldſt thinke it heauie vnto thee?

Is thine owne heart to thine owne face affected?
Can thy right hand ceaze loue vpon thy left?
Then woo thy ſelfe, be of thy ſelfe reiected:
Steale thine owne freedome,& complaine of theft.
Narciſſus ſo himſelfe himſelfe forſooke,
And died to kiſſe his ſhadow in the brooke.

Torches are made to light, iewels to weare,
Dainties to taſt, freſh beautie for the vſe,
Herbs for their ſmell, and ſappie plants to beare.
Things growing to themſelues, are growths abuſe,
Seeds ſpring frō ſeeds, & beauty breedeth beauty:
Thou waſt begot, to get it is thy duty.

Vpon the earths increaſe why ſhouldſt thou feed,
Vnleſſe the earth with thy increaſe be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may liue, when thou thy ſelfe art dead:
And ſo in ſpight of death thou doeſt ſurviue,
In that thy likeneſſe ſtill is left aliue.

By this the loue-ſicke Queene began to ſweate,
For where they lay the ſhadow had forſooke them,
And *Titan* tired in the midday heate,
With burning eye did hotly ouerlooke them,
Wiſhing *Adonis* had his teame to guide,
So he were like him, and by *Venus* ſide.

And now *Adonis* with a lazie ſprite,
And with a heautie, darke, diſdaining eye,
His lowring browes orewhelming his faire ſight,
Like miſtie vapors when they blot the skie,
Sowring his cheeks, cries fie, no more of loue,
The ſun doth burne my face, I muſt remoue.

Ay me,(quoth *Venus*) young, and ſo vnkinde,
What bare excuſes mak'ſt thou to be gon?
Ile ſigh celeſtiall breath, whoſe gentle winde,
Shall coole the heate of this deſcending ſun:
Ile make a ſhadow for thee of my heares,
If they burn too, Ile quench thē with my teares.

The ſun that ſhines frō heauen, ſhines but warme,
And lo I lye betweene that ſunne and thee:
The heate I haue from thence doth litle harme,
Thine eye darts foorth, the fire that burneth me,
And were I nōt immortall, life were done,
Betweene this heauenly and earthly ſunne.

Art thou obdurate, flintie, hard as ſteele?
Nay more then flint, for ſtone at raine relenteth?
Art thou a womans ſonne and canſt not feele
What tis to loue, how want of loue tormenteth?
O had thy mother borne ſo bad a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died vnkind.

What am I that thou ſhouldſt contemne me this?
Or what great danger dwelles vpon my ſute?
What were thy lips the worſe for one poore kis?
Speak faire, but ſpeak faire words, or elſe be mute:
Giue me one kiſſe, Ile giue it thee againe,
And one for intreſt, if thou wilt haue twaine.

Fie, liueleſſe picture, cold, and ſenceleſſe ſtone,
Well painted idoll, image dull and dead,
Statüe contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:
Thou art no man, though of a mans complexion,
For men will kiſſe euen by their owne direction.

This ſaid, impatience chokes her pleading tong,
And ſwelling paſſion doth prouoke a pauſe,
Red cheeks, and fierie eyes blaſe forth her wrong:
Being iudge in loue, ſhe cannot right her cauſe.
And now ſhe weeps, & now ſhe faine wold ſpeake,
And now her ſobs do her intendments breake.

Sometimes ſhe ſhakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth ſhe on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her armes infold him like a band,
She would, he will not in her armes be bound:
And when from thence he ſtruggles to be gone,
She locks her lillie fingers one in one.

Fondling, ſhe ſaith, ſince I haue hemd thee here
Within the circuit of this iuorie pale,
Ile be the parke, and thou ſhalt be my deare:
Feed where thou wilt, on mountaine, or in dale;
Graze on my lips, and if thoſe hils be drie,
Stray lower, where the pleaſant fountaines lye.

Within

Within this limit is relieſe inough,
Sweet bottome graſſe, and high delightfull plaine,
Round riſing hillocks, brakes obſcure, and rough,
To ſhelter thee from tempeſt, and from raine:
Then be my deare, ſince I am ſuch a parke,
No dog ſhall rouze thee, though a thouſand bark.

At this *Adonis* ſmiles as in diſdaine,
That in each cheeke appeares a prettie dimple,
Loue made thoſe hollowes, if himſelfe were ſlaine,
He might be buried in a tombe ſo ſimple,
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lye,
Why there loue liu'd, & there he could not die.

Theſe louely caues, theſe round inchanting pits,
Opend their mouthes to ſwallow *Venus* liking,
Being mad before, how doth ſhe now for wits?
Strucke dead at firſt, what needs a ſecond ſtriking?
Poore Queene of loue, in thine own law forlorne,
To loue a cheeke that ſmiles at thee in ſcorne.

Now which way ſhall ſhe turne? what ſhall ſhe ſay?
Her words are done, her woes the more increaſing,
The time is ſpent, her obiect will away,
And from her twining armes doth vrge releaſing:
Pitie ſhe cries, ſome fauour, ſome remorſe,
Away he ſprings, and haſteth to his horſe.

But loe from forth a copp's that neighbours by,
A breeding Iennet, luſtie, young and proud,
Adonis trampling courſer doth eſpie:
And foorth ſhe ruſhes, ſnorts, and neighes alowd.
The ſtrong-neckt ſteed being tied vnto a tree,
Breaketh his reine, and to her ſtraight goes he.

Imperiouſly he leaps, he neighes, he bounds,
And now his wouen girths he breakes aſunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoofe he wounds,
Whoſe hollow wõbe reſounds like heauẽs thunder:
The iron bit he cruſheth tweene his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His eares vp prickt, his braided hanging maine,
Vpon his compaſt creſt now ſtand on end,
His noſtrils drinke the aire, and foorth againe
As from a fornace, vapours doth he ſend:
His eye which ſcornfully gliſters like fire,
Shewes his hote courage, and his high deſire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the ſteps,
With gentle maieſtie, and modeſt pride,
Anon he reares vpright, curuets, and leaps,
As who ſhould ſay, loe thus my ſtrength is tride.
And this I do to captiuate the eye,
Of the faire breeder that is ſtanding by.

What

What recketh he his riders angrie ſturre,
His flattering holla, or his ſtand, I ſay,
What cares he now, for curbe, or pricking ſpurre,
For rich capariſons, or trappings gay:
He ſees his loue, and nothing elſe he ſees,
For nothing elſe with his proud ſight agrees.

Looke when a painter would ſurpaſſe the life,
In limming out a well proportioned ſteed,
His Art with Natures workmanſhip at ſtriſe,
As if the dead the liuing ſhould exceed:
So did this horſe excell a common one,
In ſhape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round hooft, ſhort ioynted, fetlocks ſhag, and long,
Broad breaſt, full eye, ſmall head, and noſtrill wide,
High creſt, ſhort eares, ſtraight legs, & paſſing ſtrõg,
Thin mane, thicke taile, broad buttock, tender hide:
Looke what a horſe ſhould haue he did not lack,
Saue a proud rider on ſo proud a backe.

Sometime he ſcuds farre off, and there he ſtares,
Anon he ſtarts, at ſturring of a feather:
To bid the winde a baſe he now prepares,
And where he run, or flie, they know not whether:
For through his mane, & taile, the high wind ſings,
Fanning the haires, who waue like feathred wings.

He lookes vpon his loue, and neighs vnto her,
She anſwers him, as if ſhe knew his minde,
Being prowd as females are, to ſee him woo her,
She puts on outward ſtrangeneſſe, ſeemes vnkinde:
Spurnes at his loue, & ſcornes the heat he feeles,
Beating his kind embracements with her heeles.

Then like a melancholy malcontent,
He vailes his taile that like a falling plume,
Coole ſhadow to his melting buttocke lent,
He ſtamps, and bites the poore flies in his fume:
His loue perceiuing how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his furie was aſſwag'd.

His teſtie maiſter goeth about to take him,
When lo the vnbackt breeder full of feare,
Iealous of catching, ſwiftly doth forſake him,
With her the Horſe, and left *Adonis* there:
As they were mad vnto the wood they hie them,
Out ſtripping crowes, that ſtriue to ouerfly them.

All ſwolne with chafing, downe *Adonis* ſits,
Banning his boiſtrous, and vnruly beaſt;
And now the happie ſeaſon once more fits,
That loue-ſicke *Loue*, by pleading may be bleſt:
For louers ſay, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is bard the aydance of the tong.

An Ouen that is ſtopt, or riuer ſtayd,
Burneth more hotly, ſwelleth with more rage:
So of concealed ſorow may be ſayd,
Free vent of words loues fier doth aſſwage,
But when the hearts atturney once is mute,
The client breakes, as deſperate in his ſute.

He ſees her comming, and begins to glow,
Euen as a dying coale reuiues with winde,
And with his bonnet hides his angrie brow,
Lookes on the dull earth with diſturbed minde:
Taking no notice that ſhe is ſo nye,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O what a ſight it was wiſtly to view,
How ſhe came ſtealing to the wayward boy,
To note the fighting conflict of her hew,
How white and red, each other did deſtroy:
But now her cheeke was pale, and by and by
It flaſht forth fire, as lightning from the skie.

Now was ſhe iuſt before him as he ſat,
And like a lowly louer downe ſhe kneeles,
With one faire hand ſhe heaueth vp his hat,
Her other tender hand his faire cheeke feeles:
His tender cheeke, receiues her ſoft hands print,
As apt as new falne ſnow, takes anie dint.

Oh what a warre of looks was then between them,
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes ſuing,
His eyes ſaw her eyes, as they had not ſeene them,
Her eyes wooed ſtill, his eyes diſdaind the wooing:
And all this dumbe play had his acts made plaine,
With teares which *Chorus*-like her eyes did raine.

Full gently now ſhe takes him by the hand,
A lillie priſond in a gaile of ſnow,
Or Iuorie in an alablaſter band,
So white a friend, ingirts ſo white a fo:
This beautious combat wilfull, and vnwilling,
Shew'd like two ſiluer doues that ſit a billing.

Once more the engin of her thoughts began,
O faireſt mouer on this mortall round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound,
For one ſweete looke thy helpe I would aſſure thee,
Thogh nothing but my bodies bane wold cure thee

Giue me my hand (ſaith he,) why doſt thou feele it?
Giue me my hart (ſaith ſhe,) and thou ſhalt haue it.
O giue it me, leaſt thy hard heart do ſteele it,
And being ſteeld, ſoft ſighes can neuer graue it.
Then loues deepe grones, I neuer ſhall regard,
Becauſe *Adonis* heart hath made mine hard.

For ſhame he cries, let go, and let me go,
My dayes delight is paſt, my horſe is gone,
And tis your fault I am bereſt him ſo,
I pray you hence, and leaue me here alone,
For all my mind, my thought, my buſie care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus ſhe replies, thy palfrey as he ſhould,
Welcomes the warme approch of ſweet deſire,
Affection is a coale that muſt be coold,
Elſe ſufferd, it will ſet the heart on fire,
The ſea hath bounds, but deep deſire hath none,
Therefore no maruell though thy horſe be gone.

How like a iade he ſtood tied to the tree,
Seruilly maiſterd with a leatherne raine,
But when he ſaw his loue, his youths faire fee,
He held ſuch pettie bondage in diſdaine:
Throwing the baſe thong from his bending creſt,
Enfranchiſing his mouth, his backe, his breſt.

Who ſeekes his true-loue in her naked bed,
Teaching the ſheets a whiter hew then white,
But when his glutton eye ſo full hath fed,
His other agents ayme at like delight?
Who is ſo faint that dares not be ſo bold,
To touch the fier the weather being cold?

Let me excuſe thy courſer gentle boy,
And learne of him I heartily beſeech thee,
To take aduantage on preſented ioy,
Though I were dũbe, yet his proceedings teach thee
O learne to loue, the leſſon is but plaine,
And once made perfect, neuer loſt againe.

I know not loue (quoth he) nor will not know it,
Vnleſſe it be a Boare, and then I chaſe it,
Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My loue to loue, is loue, but to diſgrace it,
For I haue heard, it is a life in death,
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who weares a garment ſhapeleſſe and vnfiniſht?
Who pluckes the bud before one leafe put forth?
If ſpringing things be anie iot diminiſht,
They wither in their prime, proue nothing worth,
The colt that's backt and burthend being yong,
Loſeth his pride, and neuer waxeth ſtrong.

You hurt my hand with wringing, let vs part,
And leaue this idle theame, this bootleſſe chat,
Remoue your ſiege from my vnyeelding heart,
To loues alarmes it will not ope the gate,
Diſmiſſe your vows, your fained teares, your flattry,
For where a heart is hard they make no battry.

What

What, canſt thou talke (quoth ſhe) haſt thou a tõg?
O would thou hadſt not, or I had no hearing,
Thy marmaids voyce hath done me double wrong:
I had my loade before, now preſt with bearing,
Melodious diſcord, heauenly tune harſh ſounding,
Eares deep ſweet muſik, & harts deep ſore woũding

Had I no eyes but eares, my eares would loue,
That inward beautie and inuiſible,
Or were I deafe, thy outward parts would moue
Each part in me, that were but ſenſible,
Though neither eyes, nor eares, to heare nor ſee,
Yet ſhould I be in loue, by touching thee.

Say that the ſence of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not ſee, nor heare, nor touch,
And nothing but the verie ſmell were left me,
Yet would my loue to the be ſtill as much,
For from the ſtillitorie of thy face excelling,
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth loue by ſmelling.
But oh what banquet wert thou to the taſt,
Being nourſe, and feeder of the other foure,
Would they not wiſh the feaſt ſhould euer laſt,
And bid ſuſpition double locke the doore,
Leaſt iealouſie that ſowre vnwelcome gueſt,
Should by his ſtealing in diſturbe the feaſt?

Once more the rubi-colourd portall opend,
Which to his ſpeech did honie paſſage yeeld,
Like a red morne that euer yet betokend,
Wracke to the ſea-man, tempeſt to the field:
Sorow to ſhepheards, wo vnto the birds,
Guſts, & fowle flawes to heardmen & to heards.

This ill preſage aduiſedly ſhe marketh,
Euen as the wind is huſht before it raineth:
Or as the wolfe doth grin before he barketh:
Or as the berrie breakes before it ſtaineth:
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun:
His meaning ſtrucke her ere his words begun.

And at his looke ſhe flatly falleth downe,
For lookes kill loue, and loue by lookes reuiueth,
A ſmile recures the wounding of a frowne,
But bleſſed bankrout that by loue ſo thriueth.
The ſillie boy beleeuing ſhe is dead,
Claps her pale cheeke, till clapping makes it red.

And all amaz'd, brake off his late intent,
For ſharply he did thinke to reprehend her,
Which cunning loue did wittily preuent,
Faire-fall the wit that can ſo well defend her:
For on the graſſe ſhe lyes as ſhe were ſlaine,
Till his breath breatheth life in her againe.

He wrings her noſe, he ſtrikes her on the cheekes,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulſes hard,
He chafes her lips, a thouſand wayes he ſeekes
To mend the hurt, that his vnkindneſſe mard,
He kiſſes her, and ſhe by her good will,
Will neuer riſe, ſo he will kiſſe her ſtill.

The night of ſorow now is turnd to day,
Her two blew windowes faintly ſhe vpheaueth,
Like the faire ſunne when in his freſh array,
He cheeres the morne, and all the world relieueth:
And as the bright ſunne glorifies the skie:
So is her face illumind with her eye.

Whoſe beames vpon his haireleſſe face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrowed all their ſhine,
Were neuer foure ſuch lamps together mixt,
Had not his clouded with his browes repine:
But hers, wᵗ through the criſtall tears gaue light,
Shone like the Moone in water ſeene by night.

O where am I (quoth ſhe) in earth or heauen,
Or in the Ocean drencht, or in the fire?
What houre is this, or morne, or wearie euen?
Do I delight to die, or life deſire?
But now I liu'd, and life was deaths annoy,
But now I dy'd, and death was liuely ioy.

O thou didſt kill me, kill me once againe,
Thy eyes ſhrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them ſcornfull tricks, & ſuch diſdaine,
That they haue murderd this poore heart of mine,
And theſe mine eyes true leaders to their queene,
But for thy piteous lips no more had ſeene.

Long may they kiſſe each other for this cure,
Oh neuer let their crimſon liueries weare,
And as they laſt, their verdour ſtill endure,
To driue infection from the dangerous yeare:
That the ſtar-gazers hauing writ on death,
May ſay, the plague is baniſht by thy breath.

Pure lips, ſweet ſeales in my ſoft lips imprinted,
What bargaines may I make ſtill to be ſealing?
To ſell my ſelfe I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and vſe good dealing;
Which purchaſe if thou make, for feare of ſlips,
Set thy ſeale manuell, on my wax-red lips.

A thouſand kiſſes buyes my heart from me,
And pay them at thy leyſure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches vnto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say for non-paimẽt, that the debt ſhould double,
Is twentie thouſand kiſſes ſuch a trouble?

Faire

Faire Queene (quoth he) if any loue you owe me,
Meaſure my ſtrangeneſſe with my vnripe yeares,
Before I know my ſelfe, ſeeke not to know me,
No fiſher but the vngrowne frie forbeares,
The mellow plum doth fal, the greene ſticks faſt,
Or being early pluckt, is ſower to taſt.

Looke the worlds comforter with wearie gate,
His dayes hot taske hath ended in the Weſt,
The owle (nights herald) ſhreekes, tis verie late,
The ſheepe are gone to fold, birds to their neſt,
And cole-black clouds, that ſhadow heauēs light,
Do ſummon vs to part, and bid good night.

Now let me ſay good night, and ſo ſay you,
If you will ſay ſo, you ſhall haue a kis;
Good night (quoth ſhe) and ere he ſayes adue,
The honie fee of parting tendred is;
Her armes do lend his necke a ſweete embrace,
Incorporat thē they ſeeme, face growes to face.

Till breathleſſe he diſioynd, and backward drew,
The heauenly moiſture that ſweet corall mouth,
Whoſe precious taſt, her thirſtie lips well knew,
Whereon they ſurfet, yet complaine on drouth,
He with her plentie preſt, ſhe faint with dearth,
Their lips together glew'd, fall to the earth.

Now quicke deſire hath caught the yeelding pray,
And glutton-like ſhe feeds, yet neuer filleth,
Her lips are conquerers, his lips obay,
Paying what ranſome the inſulter willeth:
Whoſe vultur thought doth pitch the price ſo hie,
That ſhe will draw his lips rich treaſure drie.

And hauing felt the ſweetneſſe of the ſpoile,
With blindfold furie ſhe begins to forrage,
Her face doth reeke,& ſmoke,her bloud doth boile,
And careleſſe luſt ſtirres vp a deſperat courage,
Planting obliuion,beating reaſon backe,
Forgetting ſhames pure bluſh,& honors wracke.

Hot, faint,and wearie,with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much hādling
Or as the fleet-foot Roe that's tyr'd with chaſing,
Or like the froward infant ſtild with dandling:
He now obeyes,and now no more reſiſteth,
While ſhe takes all ſhe can, not all ſhe liſteth.

What waxe ſo frozen but diſſolues with tempring,
And yeelds at laſt to euery light impreſſion?
Things out of hope,are compaſt oft with ventring,
Chiefly in loue,whoſe leaue exceeds commiſſion:
Affection faints not like a pale fac'd coward,
But thē woes beſt,whē moſt his choiſe is froward.

When

When he did frowne, ô had ſhe then gaue ouer,
Such nectar from his lips ſhe had not ſuckt,
Fowle words, and frownes, muſt not repell a louer,
What though the roſe haue prickles, yet tis pluckt:
Were beautie vnder twentie locks kept faſt,
Yet loue breaks through, & picks them all at laſt.

For pitie now ſhe can no more detaine him,
The poore foole prayes her that he may depart,
She is reſolu'd no longer to reſtraine him,
Bids him farewell, and looke well to her hart,
The which by *Cupids* bow ſhe doth proteſt,
He carries thence incaged in his breſt.

Sweet boy ſhe ſayes, this night Ile waſt in ſorrow,
For my ſicke heart commands mine eyes to watch,
Tell me loues maiſter, ſhall we meete to morrow?
Say, ſhall we, ſhall we, wilt thou make the match?
He tells her no, to morow he intends,
To hunt the boare with certaine of his frends.

The boare (quoth ſhe) whereat a ſuddaine pale,
Like lawne being ſpread vpon the bluſhing roſe,
Vſurpes her cheeke, ſhe trembles at his tale,
And on his necke her yoking armes ſhe throwes.
She ſincketh downe, ſtill hanging by his necke,
He on her bellie falls, ſhe on her backe.

Now is she in the verie lists of loue,
Her champion mounted for the hot incounter,
All is imaginarie she doth proue,
He will not manage he, although he mount her,
That worse then *Tantalus* is her annoy,
To clip *Elizium*, and to lacke her ioy.

Euen so poore birds deceiu'd with painted grapes,
Do surfet by the eye, and pine the maw:
Euen so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poore birds that helpless berries saw,
The warme effects which she in him finds missing,
She seekes to kindle with continuall kissing.

But all in vaine, good Queene, it will not be,
She hath assay'd as much as may be prou'd,
Her pleading hath deseru'd a greater fee,
She's loue; she loues, and yet she is not lou'd,
Fie, fie, he sayes, you crush me, let me go,
You haue no reason to withhold me so.

Thou hadst bin gone (quoth she) sweet boy ere this,
But that thou toldst me, thou woldst hunt the boare,
Oh be aduis'd, thou know'st not what it is,
With iauelings point a churlish swine to goare,
Whose tushes neuer sheath'd, he whetteth still,
Like to a mortall butcher bent to kill.

On

On his bow backe, he hath a battell ſet,
Of briſly pikes that euer threat his foes,
His eyes like glow-wormes ſhine, when he doth fret
His ſnout digs ſepulchers where ere he goes,
Being mou'd he ſtrikes, what ere is in his way,
And whom he ſtrikes, his crooked tuſhes ſlay.

His brawnie ſides with hairie briſtles armed,
Are better proofe then thy ſpears point can enter,
His ſhort thicke necke cannot be eaſily harmed,
Being irefull, on the Lion he will venter,
The thornie brambles, and imbracing buſhes,
As fearful of him, part, through whom he ruſhes.

Alas, he naught eſteemes that face of thine,
To which loues eyes payes tributarie gazes,
Nor thy ſoft hands, ſweet lips, and criſtall eine,
Whoſe full perfection all the world amazes,
But hauing thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
Would root theſe beauties, as he roots the mead.

Oh let him keepe his loathſome cabbin ſtill,
Beautie hath naught to do with ſuch fowle fiends,
Come not within his danger by thy will,
They that thriue well, take counſel of their friends,
Whē thou didſt name the boare, not to diſſemble,
I feard thy fortune, and my ioynts did tremble.

Didſt thou not marke my face? was it not white?
Saweſt thou not ſignes of feare lurke in mine eyes?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downe right?
Within my boſome whereon thou doeſt lye,
My boding heart, pants, beats, and takes no reſt,
But like an earthquake ſhakes thee on my breſt.

For where loue raignes, diſturbing iealouſie,
Doth call himſelfe affections centinell,
Giues falſe alarmes, ſuggeſteth mutinie,
And in a peacefull houre doth crie, kill, kill,
Diſtempring gentle loue in his deſire,
As aire, and water do abate the fire.

This ſoure informer, this bate-breeding ſpie,
This canker that eates vp loues tender ſpring,
This carrie tale, diſſentious iealouſie,
That ſomtimes true news, ſomtime falſe doth bring
Knocks at my heart, and whiſpers in mine eare,
That if I loue thee, I thy death ſhould feare.

And more then ſo, preſenteth to mine eye,
The picture of an angrie chafing boare,
Vnder whoſe ſharpe fangs, on his backe doth lye,
An image like thy ſelfe, all ſtaind with goare,
Whoſe bloud vpon the freſh flowres being ſhed,
Doth make thé droop with grief, & hang the hed.

What

What ſhould I do, ſeeing thee ſo indeed,
That trembling at th'imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And feare doth teach it diuination;
I prophecie thy death, my liuing ſorrow,
If thou incounter with the boare to morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me,
Vncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the foxe which liues by ſubtiltie,
Or at the Roe which no incounter dare:
Purſue theſe fearful creatures o're the downes,
And on thy well breathd horſe keep with thy houds.

And when thou haſt on foot the purblind hare,
Marke the poore wretch to ouer-ſhut his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care,
He crankes and croſſes with a thouſand doubles,
The many muſits through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runnes among a flocke of ſheepe,
To make the cunning hounds miſtake their ſmell,
And ſometime where earth-delving conies keepe,
To ſtop the lowd purſuers in their yell:
And ſometime forteth with a heard of deare,
Danger deuiſeth ſhifts, wit waites on feare.

For there his ſmell with others being mingled,
The hot ſent-ſnuffing hounds are driuen to doubt,
Ceaſing their clamorous cry, till they haue ſingled,
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out,
Then do they ſpend their mouth's, eccho replies,
As if another chaſe were in the skies.

By this poore Wat farre off vpon a hill,
Stands on his hinder-legs with liſtning eare,
To hearken if his foes purſue him ſtill,
Anon with loud alarums he doth heare,
And now his griefe may be compared well,
To one ſore ſicke, that heares the paſſing bell.

Then ſhalt thou ſee the deaw-bedabbled wretch,
Turne and returne, indenting with the way,
Each enuious brier, his wearie legs do ſcratch,
Each ſhadow makes him ſtop, each murmour ſtay,
For miſerie is troden on by many,
And being low, neuer releeu'd by any.

Lye quietly, and heare a litle more,
Nay do not ſtruggle, for thou ſhalt not riſe,
To make thee hate the hunting of the bore,
Vnlike thy ſelfe thou hear'ſt me moralize,
Applying this to that, and ſo to ſo,
For loue can comment vpon euerie wo.

Where

Where did I leaue? no matter where (quoth he)
Leaue me, and then the ſtorie aptly ends,
The night is ſpent; why what of that (quoth ſhe)
I am (quoth he) expected of my frends,
And now tis darke, and going I ſhall fall,
In night (quoth ſhe) deſire ſees beſt of all.

But if thou fall, oh then imagine this,
The earth in loue with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kis,
Rich preyes make rich-men theeues: ſo do thy lips
Make modeſt *Dyan* cloudie and forlorne,
Leſt ſhe ſhould ſteale a kiſſe and die forſworne.

Now of this darke night I perceiue the reaſon,
Cinthia for ſhame, obſcures her ſiluer ſhine,
Till forging *Nature* be condemn'd of treaſon,
For ſtealing moulds from heauen, that were diuine,
Wherin ſhe fram'd thee, in hie heauens deſpight,
To ſhame the ſunne by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath ſhe brib'd the deſtinies,
To croſſe the curious workmanſhip of *Nature*,
To mingle beautie with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature,
Making it ſubiect to the tyrannie,
Of mad miſchances, and much miſerie.

As burning feauers, agues pale, and faint,
Life-poyſoning peſtilence, and frendzies wood,
The marrow-eating ſickneſſe whoſe attaint,
Diſorder breeds by heating of the bloud,
Surfets, impoſtumes, griefe, & damnd deſpaire,
Sweare natures death, for framing thee ſo faire:

And not the leaſt of all theſe maladies,
But in one minutes fight brings beautie vnder,
Both fauor, ſauor, hew and qualities,
Whereat th'impartiall gazer late did wonder,
Are on the ſudden waſted, thawd, and done,
As mountaine ſnow melts with the midday ſunne.

Therefore deſpight of fruitleſſe chaſtitie,
Loue-lacking veſtals, and ſelfe-louing Nuns,
That on the earth would breed a ſcarcitie,
And barren dearth of daughters, and of ſons;
Be prodigall, the lampe that burnes by night,
Dries vp his oile, to lend the world his light.

What is thy bodie but a ſwalowing graue
Seeming to burie that poſteritie,
Which by the rights of time thou needs muſt haue,
If thou deſtroy them not in darke obſcuritie?
If ſo, the world will hold thee in diſdaine,
Sith in thy pride, ſo faire a hope is ſlaine.

So

So in thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe art made away,
A miſchiefe worſe then ciuill home-bréd ſtrife,
Or theirs whoſe deſperat hands themſelues to ſlay
Or butcher ſire, that reaues his ſonne of life:
Foule cankring ruſt, the hidden treaſure frets,
But gold that's put to vſe more gold begets.

Nay then (quoth *Adon*) you will fall againe,
Into your idle ouer-handled theame,
The kiſſe I gaue you is beſtow'd in vaine,
And all in vaine you ſtriue againſt the ſtreame,
For by this black-fac't night, deſires foule nourſe,
Your treatiſe makes me like you, worſe and worſe.

If loue haue lent you twentie thouſand tongs,
And euerie tongue more moying then your owne,
Bewitching like the wanton Mermaids ſongs,
Yet from mine eare the tempting tune is blowne,
For know my heart ſtands armed in mine eare,
And will not let a falſe ſound enter there.

Leſt the deceiuing harmonie ſhould ronne,
Into the quiet cloſure of my breſt,
And then my litle heart were quite vndone,
In his bed-chamber to be bard of reſt,
No Ladie no, my heart longs not to grone,
But ſoundly ſleeps, while now it ſleeps alone.

What haue you vrg'd, that I can not reproue?
The path is ſmooth that leadeth on to danger,
I hate not loue, but your deuiſe in loue,
That lends embracements vnto euery ſtranger,
You do it for increaſe, ô ſtrange excuſe!
When reaſon is the bawd to luſts abuſe,

Call it not loue, for loue to heauen is fled,
Since ſweating luſt on earth vſurpt his name,
Vnder whoſe ſimple ſemblance he hath fed,
Vpon freſh beautie, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant ſtaines, & ſoone bereaues:
As Caterpillers do the tender leaues.

Loue comforteth like ſun-ſhine after raine,
But luſts effect is tempeſt after ſunne,
Loues gentle ſpring doth alwaies freſh remaine,
Luſts winter comes, ere ſommer halfe be donne:
Loue ſurfets not, luſt like a glutton dies:
Loue is all truth, luſt full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not ſay,
The text is old, the Orator too greene,
Therefore in ſadneſſe, now I will away,
My face is full of ſhame, my heart of teene,
Mine eares that to your wanton talke attended,
Do burne themſelues, for hauing ſo offended.

With

With this he breaketh from the ſweet embrace,
Of thoſe faire armes which bound him to her breſt,
And homward through the dark lawnd runs apace,
Leaues Loue vpon her backe, deeply diſtreſt,
Looke how a bright ſtar ſhooteth from the skye,
So glides he in the night from *Venus* eye.

Which after him ſhe darts, as one on ſhore
Gazing vpon a late embarked friend,
Till the wilde waues will haue him ſeene no more,
Whoſe ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the mercileſſe and pitchie night,
Fold in the obiect that did feed her ſight.

Whereat amaz'd as one that vnaware,
Hath dropt a precious iewell in the flood,
Or ſtoniſht, as night wandrers often are,
Their light blowne out in ſome miſtruſtfull wood,
Euen ſo confounded in the darke ſhe lay,
Hauing loſt the faire diſcouerie of her way.

And now ſhe beates her heart, whereat it grones,
That all the neighbour caues as ſeeming troubled,
Make verball repetition of her mones,
Paſſion on paſſion, deeply is redoubled,
Ay me, ſhe cries, and twentie times wo, wo,
And twentie ecchoes, twentie times cries ſo.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And ſings extemporally a wofull dittie,
How loue makes yong men thrall, and old men dote,
How loue is wiſe in folly, fooliſh wittie:
Her heauie antheme ſtill concludes in wo,
And ſtill the quier of ecchoes anſwer ſo.

Her ſong was tedious, and out-wore the night,
For louers houres are long, though ſeeming ſhort,
If pleaſd themſelues, others they thinke delight
In ſuch like circumſtance, with ſuch like ſport:
Their copious ſtories oftentimes begunne,
End without audience, and are neuer donne.

For who hath ſhe to ſpend the night withall,
But idle ſounds reſembling paraſits?
Like ſhrill-tongu'd Tapſters anſwering euerie call
Soothing the humour of fantaſtique wits,
She ſaies tis ſo, they anſwer all tis ſo,
And would ſay after her, if ſhe ſaid no.

Lo here the gentle larke wearie of reſt,
From his moiſt cabinet mounts vp on high,
And wakes the morning, from whoſe ſiluer breſt,
The ſunne ariſeth in his maieſtie,
Who doth the world ſo gloriouſly behold,
That Ceader tops and hils, ſeeme burniſht gold.

Venus ſalutes him with this faire good morrow,
Oh thou cleare God, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp, & ſhining ſtar doth borrow,
The beautious influence that makes him bright,
There liues a ſonne that ſuckt an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou doeſt lend to other.

This ſaid, ſhe haſteth to a mirtle groue,
Muſing the morning is ſo much ore-worne,
And yet ſhe heares no tidings of her loue;
She harkens for his hounds, and for his horne,
Anon ſhe heares them chaunt it luſtily,
And all in haſt ſhe coaſteth to the cry.

And as ſhe runnes, the buſhes in the way,
Some catch her by the necke, ſome kiſſe her face,
Some twind about her thigh to make her ſtay,
She wildly breaketh from their ſtrict embrace,
Like a milch Doe, whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake
Haſting to feed her fawne, hid in ſome brake.

By this ſhe heares the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat ſhe ſtarts like one that ſpies an adder,
Wreath'd vp in fatall folds iuſt in his waie,
The feare wherof doth make him ſhake, & ſhudder,
Euen ſo the timerous yelping of the hounds,
Appals her ſenſes, and her ſpirit confounds.

For now she knowes it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt Boare, rough beare, or lyon proud,
Because the crie remaineth in one place,
Where fearefully the dogs exclaime aloud,
Finding their enemie to be so curst;
They all straine curt'sie who shall cope him first.

This dismall crie rings sadly in her eare,
Through which it enters to surprize her hart,
Who ouercome by doubt, and bloudlesse feare,
With cold-pale weakenesse, nums each feeling part,
Like soldiers when their captain once doth yeeld,
They basely flie, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling extasie,
Till cheering vp her senses sore dismaid,
She tels them 'tis a causelesse fantasie,
And childish error that they are affrayd,
Bids thé leaue quaking, bids them feare no more,
And with that word, she spide the hunted bore.

Whose frothie mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milke & bloud, being mingled both together;
A second feare through all her sinewes spred,
Which madly hurries her, she knowes not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But backe retires, to rate the boare for murther.

A thouſand ſpleenes beare her a thouſand wayes,
She treads the path, that ſhe vntreads againe,
Her more then haſt, is mated with delayes,
Like the proceedings of a drunken braine,
Full of reſpect, yet naught at all reſpecting,
In hand with all things, naught at all effecting

Here kenneld in a brake, he finds a hound,
And askes the wearie caitiffe for his maiſter,
And there another licking of his wound,
Gainſt venimd ſores, the onely ſoueraigne plaiſter.
And here ſhe meets another, ſadly ſcowling,
To whom ſhe ſpeaks, & he replies with howling.

When he hath ceaſt his ill reſounding noiſe,
Another flapmouthd mourner, blacke, and grim,
Againſt the welkin, volies out his voice,
Another, and another, aunſwer him,
Clapping their proud tailes to the ground below,
Shaking their ſcratcht-eares, bleeding as they go.

Looke how the worlds poore people are amazed,
At apparitions, ſignes, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearefull eyes, they long haue gazed,
Infuſing them with dreadfull prophecies;
So ſhe at theſe ſad ſignes, drawes vp her breath,
And ſighing it againe, exclaimes on death.

Hard fauourd tyrant, ougly, meagre leane,
Hatefull diuorce of loue (thus chides the death)
Grim-grinning Goſt, earths worme what doſt thou
To ſtifle beauty, and to ſteale his breath? (meane?
Who when he liu'd, his breath and beautie ſet
Gloſſe on the roſe, ſmell to the violet.

If he be dead, ô no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beautie, thou ſhouldſt ſtrike at it,
Oh yes, it may, thou haſt no eyes to ſee,
But hatefully at random doeſt thou hit,
Thy marke is feeble age, but thy falſe dart,
Miſtakes that aime, and cleaues an infants hart.

Hadſt thou but bid beware, then he had ſpoke,
And hearing him, thy power had loſt his power,
The deſtinies will curſe thee for this ſtroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluckſt a flower;
Loues golden arrow at him ſhould haue fled,
And not deaths ebon dart to ſtrike him dead.
(weeping?
Doſt thou drinke teares, that thou prouok'ſt ſuch
What may a heauie grone aduantage thee?
Why haſt thou caſt into eternall ſleeping,
Thoſe eyes that taught all other eyes to ſee?
Now nature cares not for thy mortall vigour,
Since her beſt worke is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here

Here ouercome as one full of deſpaire,
She vaild her eye-lids,who like ſluces ſtopt
The criſtall tide,that from her two cheeks faire,
In the ſweet channell of her boſome dropt,
But through the flud-gates breaks the ſiluer rain,
And with his ſtrong courſe opens them againe.

O how her eyes, and teares,did lend and borrow,
Her eye ſeene in the teares, teares in her eye,
Both criſtals,where they viewd each others ſorrow:
Sorrow,that friendly ſighs ſought ſtill to dry,
But like a ſtormie day,now wind,now raine,
Sighs dry her cheeks,tears make thē wet againe.

Variable paſſions throng her conſtant wo,
As ſtriuing who ſhould beſt become her griefe,
All entertaind, each paſſion labours ſo,
That euerie preſent ſorrow ſeemeth chiefe,
But none is beſt,then ioyne they all together,
Like many clouds,conſulting for foule weather.

By this farre off,ſhe hears ſome huntſman hallow,
A nourſes ſong nere pleaſd her babe ſo well,
The dire imagination ſhe did follow,
This ſound of hope doth labour to expell,
For now reuiuing ioy bids her reioice,
And flatters her,it is *Adonis* voyce.

Whereat her teares began to turne their tide,
Being prisond in her eye: like pearles in glasse,
Yet sometimes fals an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should passe,
To wash the foule face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drownd.

O hard beleeuing loue how strange it seemes!
Not to beleeue, and yet too credulous:
Thy weale, and woe, are both of them extreames,
Despaire, and hope, makes thee ridiculous.
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts vnlikely,
The likely thoughts the other kils thee quickly.

Now she vnweaues the web that she hath wrought,
Adonis liues, and death is not to blame:
It was not she that cald him all to nought;
Now she adds honors to his hatefull name.
She clepes him king of graues, & graue for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortall things.

No, no, quoth she, sweet death, I did but iest,
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of feare,
When as I met the boare, that bloudie beast,
Which knowes no pitie, but is still seuere,
Then gentle shaowd (truth I must confesse)
I raild on thee, fearing thy loues decesse.

Tis not my fault, the Boare prouokt my tong,
Be wreakt on him (inuisible commaunder)
Tis he foule creature, that hath done thee wrong,
I did but act, he's author of thy slaunder.
Griefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that *Adonis* is aliue,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate,
And that his beautie may the better thriue,
With death she humbly doth insinuate.
Tels him of trophies, statues, tombes and stories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O *Ioue* quoth she, how much a foole was I,
To be of such a weake and silly mind,
To waile his death who liues, and must not die,
Till mutuall ouerthrow of mortall kind?
For he being dead, with him is beauty slaine,
And beautie dead, blacke *Chaos* comes againe.

Fy, fy, fond Ioue, thou art so full of feare,
As one with treasure laden, hemd with theeues,
Trifles vnwitnessed with eye, or eare,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking greeues.
Euen at this word she heares a merrie horne,
Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorne.

As Faulcons to the lure, away she flies,
The graſſe ſtoops not, ſhe treads on it ſo light,
And in her haſt, vnfortunately ſpies
The foule Boares conqueſt, on her faire delight,
Which ſeene, her eyes as murdred with the view,
Like ſtars aſham'd of day, themſelues withdrew.

Or as the ſnaile, whoſe tender hornes being hit,
Shrinks backward in his ſhelly caue with paine,
And there all ſmoothred vp, in ſhade doth ſit,
Long after fearing to creepe forth againe:
So at his bloudie view her eyes are fled,
Into the deepe-darke cabbins of her head.

Where they reſigne their office, and their light,
To the diſpoſing of her troubled braine,
Who bids them ſtill conſort with vgly night,
And neuer wound the heart with lookes againe,
Who like a King perplexed in his throne,
By their ſuggeſtion, giues a deadly grone.

Whereat each tributarie ſubiect quakes,
As when the wind impriſond in the ground,
Struggling for paſſage, earths foundation ſhakes,
Which with cold terror, doth mens minds cõfound:
This mutinie each part doth ſo ſurpriſe,
That frõ their dark beds once more leap her eies.

And

And being opend, threw vnwilling night
Vpon the wide wound, that the Boare had drencht
In his soft flanke, whose wonted lillie white,
With purple tears that his wound wept, had drencht,
No floure was nigh, no grasse, herbe, leafe, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seemd with him to bleed.

This solemne sympathie, poore *Venus* noteth
Ouer one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumbly she passions, frantikly she doteth,
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead,
Her voyce is stopt, her ioynts forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad, that they haue wept till now.

Vpon his hurt she looks so stedfastly,
That her sight dazling, makes the wound seem three,
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes, where no breach should be:
His face seemes twain, ech seuerall lim is doubled,
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot expresse my griefe for one,
And yet (quoth she) behold two *Adons* dead,
My sighs are blowne away, my salt teares gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead,
Heauie hearts lead melt at mine eyes red fire,
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas poore world, what treasure hast thou lost
What face remains aliue that's worth the viewing?
Whose tong is musick now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowres are sweet, their colours fresh & trim,
But true sweet beautie liu'd, and dy'd in him.

Bonner, nor vaile hencefooth no creature weare,
Nor sunne, nor wind will ever striue to kisse you,
Hauing no faire to loose, you need not feare,
The sun doth scorne you, & the wind doth hisse you.
But when *Adonis* liu'd, sunne and sharpe aire,
Lurkt like two theeues, to rob him of his faire.

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Vnder whose brim the gaudie sunne would peepe,
The wind would blow it off, and being gon,
Play with his locks, then would *Adonis* weepe.
And straight in pitie of his tender yeares,
They both would striue who first should drie his
(teares.

To see his face the Lion walkt along,
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him
To recreate himselfe when he hath song,
The Tiger would be tame, and gently heare him.
If he had spoke, the wolfe would leaue his pray,
And never fright the sillie lambe that day.

When

When he beheld his ſhadow in the brooke,
The fiſhes ſpred on it their golden gils,
When he was by, the birds ſuch pleaſure tooke,
That ſome would ſing, ſome other in their bils
Would bring him mulberries, & ripe-red cherries,
He fed them with his ſight, they him with berries.

But this foule, grim, and vrchin-ſnouted Boare,
Whoſe downward eye ſtill looketh for a graue:
Ne're ſaw the beatious liuerie that he wore,
Witneſſe the entertainment that he gaue.
If he did ſee his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiſſe him, and hath kild him ſo.

Tis true, tis true, thus was *Adonis* ſlaine,
He ran vpon the Boare with his ſharpe ſpeare,
Who would not whet his teeth at him againe,
But by a kiſſe thought to perſwade him there,
And nouſling in his flanke, the louing ſwine
Sheath'd vnaware his tuſke in his ſoft groine.

Had I bene tooth'd like him I muſt confeſſe,
With kiſſing him I ſhould haue kild him firſt,
But he is dead, and neuer did he bleſſe
My youth with his, the more I am accurſt.
With this ſhe falleth in the place ſhe ſtood,
And ſtaines her face with his congealed blood.

She lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold:
She whiſpers in his eares a heauie tale,
As if they heard the wofull words ſhe told,
She lifts the coffer-lids that cloſe his eyes,
Where lo two lamps burnt out, in darkneſſe lyes

Two glaſſes where her ſelfe, herſelfe beheld
A thouſand times, and now no more reflect,
Their vertue loſt, wherein they late exceld,
And euerie beautie robd of his effect;
Wonder of time (quoth ſhe) this is my ſpight,
That thou being dead, the day ſhold yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo here I propheeie,
Sorrow on loue hereafter ſhall attend:
It ſhalbe wayted on with icalouſie,
Find ſweet beginning but vnſauorie end,
Nere ſetled equally, but high or low,
That all loues pleaſure ſhall not match his wo.

It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraud,
Bud, and be blaſted, in a breathing while,
The bottome poyſon, and the top ore-ſtrawd
With ſweets, that ſhall the trueſt ſight beguile,
The ſtrongeſt bodie ſhall it make moſt weake,
Strike the wiſe dumb, & teach the foole to ſpeake.

It ſhall be ſparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the meaſures,
The ſtaring ruffian ſhall it keepe in quiet,
Plucke downe the rich, enrich the poore with trea-
It ſhalbe raging mad, and ſilly mild, (ſures,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It ſhall ſuſpect where is no cauſe of feare,
It ſhall not feare where it ſhould moſt miſtruſt,
It ſhall be mercifull, and too ſeuere,
And moſt deceiuing, when it ſeemes moſt iuſt,
Peruerſe it ſhalbe, where it ſhewes moſt toward,
Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It ſhalbe cauſe of warre, and dire euents,
And ſet diſſention twixt the ſonne, and ſire,
Subiect, and ſeruile to all diſcontents:
As drie combuſtions matter is to fire,
Sith in his prime, death doth my loue deſtroy,
They that loue beſt, their loues ſhall not enioy.

By this the boy that by her ſide lay kild,
Was melted like a vapour from her ſight,
And in his bloud that on the ground lay ſpild,
A purpld floure ſprung vp, checkred with white,
Reſembling well his pale checks, and the bloud,
Which in round drops, vpō their whitenes ſtood.

She bowes her head, the new-sprõg floure to smell,
Comparing it to her *Adonis* breath,
And sayes, within her bosome it shall dwell,
Since he himselfe is reft from her by death;
She crops the stalke, and in the breach appeares,
Green-dropping sap, which she cõpares to teares.

Poore floure (quoth she) this was thy fathers guise.
Sweet issue of a more sweet smelling sire,
For euerie little griefe to wet his eyes,
To grow vnto himselfe was his desire;
And so tis thine, but know it is as good,
To wither in my brest, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here is my brest,
Thou art the next of bloud, and tis thy right.
Lo in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rocke thee day and night,
There shall not be one minute in an houre,
Wherein I will not kisse my sweet loues floure.

Thus wearie of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her siluer doues, by whose swift aide,
Their mistris mounted through the empty skies,
In her light chariot, quickly is conuaide,
Holding their course to *Paphos*, where their queene
Meanes to immure her selfe, and not be seene.

FINIS.

The above is the autograph of George the second Lord Sturdon, who is the person mentioned in the titlepage.

The defects in this copy of 1597 have been supplied by leaves taken from the republication of 1766; and these I have very carefully collated with the original and marked the variations which are chiefly that the signatures do not exactly tally: a matter of very little import.

Edmd Malone.

since perfected